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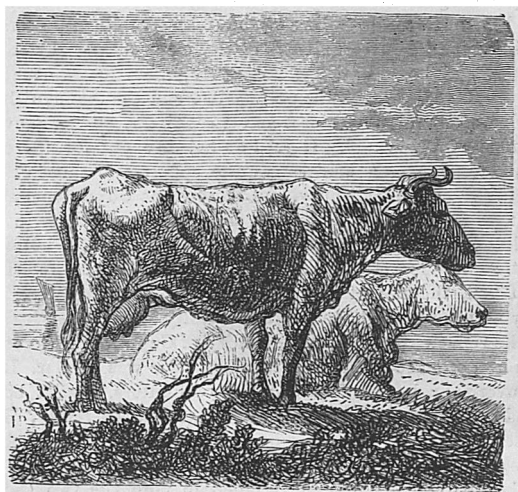
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ALBERT CUYP.



THE painters of the school to which Albert Cuyp belongs were not always fully appreciated in their day. They were earnest and laborious men, with the true inspiration of genius, at a time when artistic talent was less rare than at the present hour. This prevented their being as highly regarded as they otherwise would have been, and it thence followed that many paintings which now are highly valued, and which fetch good prices, were during the lifetime of the artist almost unsaleable. It has been truly said, that no man is a prophet in his



own country, and we have often found this perfectly true with regard to artists of the first eminence. Albert Cuyp, one of the best of the Flemish school, one of the most picturesque and effective who took up the example of Van der Velde, though son of a great artist, was not in any way as warmly considered as he should have been by his contemporaries. This may perhaps be more fully understood when we examine into his character and life.

Albert Cuyp was born in the year 1606, the same year that

gave birth to the great Rembrandt. The first saw the light at Dordrecht, the second at Leyden. These two painters were men of different character and various style, though one would have expected that they would be necessarily strongly influenced in their genius and tone of mind by the times in which they lived. It was an era of stern warfare and desolation, of blood and rapine, and yet scarcely a trace of this fatal tendency of the hour is to be found in their productions. They were, as many students of art have been, always in a world apart, which separated them from many of the impulses of the age to which they belonged, and it is pleasing and refreshing to turn from the sanguinary drama of civil and religious wars to their admirable productions. It is the quiet contrast offered to the view of him who, escaping from the battle-field, wounded and almost dying, finds himself suddenly in some sequestered woody nook, where man and horse find welcome and cheering repose. Rembrandt sketches with his masterly pencil the varied phases of human life, and still avoids all that has reference to the party quarrels of the day. Cuyp stands before us quiet, calm, unobtrusive—a thoughtful, pleasing man, who appears to know nothing of the war which is raging around him—who is scarcely aware that Holland is ravaged by fire and sword, and who allows his every sense to be captivated by the gentler muse. Neither the noisy forum nor the sectarian struggle has any charm for him. He lives in a world of his own, and that world is nature in its most picturesque forms. He is varied in his loves. Now he admires the sea, now the land. The ordinary landscape and the perilous ocean have almost equal charms in his eyes; for his pencil sketches now a quiet pasture scene, with tame oxen and sheep, now a dashing marine piece, where some tall ship is bending 'neath the breeze; or launching away again, brings before us a picture in some native district, where the sun is warming an otherwise cheerless prospect, where shepherds wander with their flocks, where the huntsman rides merrily, where boatmen pull cherrily, or where fishermen pursue their peaceful calling with true Dutch phlegm.

This philosophic calm, experienced by certain artists during troublous times, has often been remarked upon. It has called forth many a recondite observation, and though a feeling not easy to be understood by the more active mover in stirring

hours, is yet a circumstance to be much valued. And these were no common struggles. Holland was convulsed by the disputes of its religious sects, who soon turned from arguments to weapons—from theology to warfare. Much blood was shed, and all civilisation, art, science, seemed threatened with utter annihilation. City armed against city, and the inhabitants of the same town killed one another in the streets which gave both birth. It was in the days when Barnaveldt perished with his brother on the scaffold. Young Albert Cuyp was born during these tragical hours. But as he grew up, even more terrible disasters tormented his youth. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.—the terrible scenes amid which perished John and Cornelius de Witt, his countrymen, his fellow-townsmen—were events of his youthful hours. But so elastic were the spirits, so singular was the character of Albert, that no evils, however great, no trials, however painful, were able to influence his mind. He seemed incapable of feeling sadness. He could not join in the sanguinary struggles of his time, and appears, while others were slaying and being slain, to have spent his time in admiring nature, in sitting beneath the greenwood tree, listening to the murmur of water, or seeking to entice the cunning trout from his crystal retreat. No matter what opinion may be generally entertained as to this seeming insensibility on the part of the artist who could isolate his mind from civil brawls and bloody wars, we owe to this very peculiarity of character many admirable paintings, full of grandeur, many delicious, calm, warm and sunny masterpieces—scenes which everywhere reconcile us to the charms of existence, because they make us love and admire nature in her purest works; and yet, those who would ask everything of the same man, complain that he did not allow his soul to be fired by deeds of heroism and valour, his mind to be developed by dark passions, in which case he might have given us some of those sombre and living pictures of the hour, which have immortalised Ruysdael and the great Rembrandt.

We have said that Albert Cuyp was born in 1606. Some say in 1605; but this is of little consequence. His death, too, is involved in obscurity. But he was living in 1672, for we have his name in a list of burghers. His father, and his master in his noble art, was Jacob Gerritsohn Cuyp, a man much esteemed, and looked upon as the leader of the school in which his son so much excelled. Jacob Gerritsohn shared the fate of David Teniers. He was surpassed and eclipsed by his son. Many masters of first-rate ability have thus been concealed from posterity. David Teniers exists not for the general student of art, because of his great descendant. The same occurred to Paul Bril, the historical landscape painter—to Simon der Vlieger, cast into the shade by William Van der Velde—to Nicolas Moyart, surpassed by Berghem. Arnold Houbraken, in his important work on painting, quietly remarks, that Albert Cuyp painted better than his father. The fact is, that though remaining attached to a particular line of subjects, and these subjects in which he coped with Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Du Jardin, and Ruysdael, and so many other chosen spirits, he was always so distinct, so native in his genius, as to be ever distinguished from all his rivals. A Cuyp will rarely be mistaken by the most ordinary connoisseur for a Coxie, or a Van der Neer.

Nature was his field, the inexhaustible fount whence he drew the warm impulse which influenced and guided his genius—nature in its grandest, in its humblest phases. He never found anything too great, anything too small for his keen observation. He combined the varied characteristics of most of his contemporaries. He equals all of them, and is sometimes their superior. He revels in the human form, in animals, in still nature, landscapes, sea-views, interiors of churches, winter scenes, moonlights, kitchens, fish, cocks and hens, and all the appliances of humble agricultural existence. All these subjects, and many more, have been vivified by his fertile pencil. His great power consisted in his capability of producing the same thing a hundred times over without plagiarising himself. And yet he does not search for effect; he does not find the picturesque in strange contrasts and rough scenes, in the rags of the poor, in the tatters and hideous

misery of the beggar, in the angular projections of starved cattle, in the manifestation of their bones in quaint style, nor even in rare, though real, effects of light and shadow at morning and eventide. Berghem, Tivoli, Weenix, and many others, had given to the picturesque a novel and ingenious touch of life, by seeking the irregular, the wild, the unexpected, in all things—a style which had necessarily many charms and many admirers. Lizards running over an old wall, with here a lichen and there an ivy-leaf; a rustic hut beside a time-honoured ruin, which gave the humble cot a dangerous shelter; some half-starved beast, a wounded horse, hopping lazily along with bandaged leg; a poor suffering ass, eating timidly by the wayside, were subjects freely chosen by Flemish painters, and subjects which they rendered with rare truthfulness and vigour. They possessed the power of making attractive, by means of their magic pencils, most repulsive subjects—even those subjects men most anxiously avoid in life—the sickly animal, the beggar in rags, the wild desert, or a road overgrown with thorns and briars. They created treasures out of rags. Albert Cuyp, on the other hand, drew his inspiration from a more elevated and elevating source, and, seeking his ideas of the picturesque in objects opposed to general theories, succeeded in a most marvellous way. We wish not to elevate Cuyp at the expense of any of the many singular geniuses of the hour; but no one can study the peculiar features of the painter of Dordrecht without being pleased. Abandoning the ready resource of rustic misery, the easy and catching attraction of rags and destitution, of wretched nooks and unknown and unexplored corners, he paints animals in full health, and the sun at noon-day.

A writer on the genius of this painter quotes complacently a certain William Gilpin, canon of Salisbury, who wrote a book on the picturesque and beautiful. He supports the view practically illustrated by Berghem, Du Jardin, Ostade, and others. "We admire in the horse," he exclaims, "considered as a reality, elegance of form, a fiery mien, lightness, and a soft skin; we admire this animal also in the same way in a painting: but as a picturesque subject, we prefer an old cart-horse, a cow, a goat, a donkey. The coarse appearance and rough skin are better adapted to demonstrate and elucidate the genius of the pencil. Richness of light depends much on contrasts." It was not in the study of Cuyp that William Gilpin sought his inspirations. His genius lies another way. He has much of the feeling of the rich and well-to-do farmer in him, for he loves well-fed cattle, clean and well-combed horses, and broad daylight casting its golden lustre over the plain. This is, in fine, his peculiarity, and the distinguishing mark which separates him from all his rivals, and from every member of his school. Gerard de Lairese put forth, a century later, ideas on landscape quite opposed to those of the worthy canon of Salisbury, and these ideas Cuyp was one of the first to forestall. He revels in the view of nature in her loftiest moods, and paints a meadow and a hill, a horse or boat, as Claude Lorraine did the ruins of Rome, the waterfalls of Tivoli, the Bay of Naples,—embellishing, as it were, the very nature he sought to render faithfully and truly.

The rich variety, and the fecundity of Cuyp lead us to compare him often to other masters whose style was similar. Like Wouvermans, he was fond of a halt of hunters, a quiet bit of woodland sport, but he treated the subject differently. His horses have a marked difference from any others, his nobles have a manner of their own. Few who have visited the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, have failed to note the two Cuyps known as "The Going out for a Ride" and "The Return," the former of which is engraved in the present number.

We have often gazed with pleasure, during our once daily walks in that magnificent gallery, at both. The "Going out" well exemplifies the genius of Cuyp. A richly-dressed lord, clothed in scarlet, has just vaulted on a mottled grey horse, while his squire in green tunic stoops to hold the stirrup. The leading group, lit up by a bright sun, is relieved against a house in deep shadow, whence are issuing the lord and one of his suite. To the right, the shadow of the edifice, falling on the earth, brings out in warm colours the brilliant light which

fills the back of the picture; two shepherds and a flock of sheep are brought within the rays of the sun, and form a light demi-tint, a transition admirably contrived as a contrast both to the dark shadows of the foreground and the clearness of the distant background. It is an exquisite portraiture of a living breathing scene of life in its strongest sense, of the tranquillity and ease of the fortunate, of the heat and splendour of day.

The other, which forms with it a pair, represents three horsemen, among whom you recognise the lord by the magnificence of his costume, the beauty of his horse, and the haughty frankness of his mien. A hunter in livery holding two dogs in leash, presents a partridge to one of the squires, and this little event draws the attention of the three personages. On one side a tuft of trees, mingled with brushwood, brings forward the cavaliers; while on the other we behold a vast landscape inundated by light, where you see cattle, houses at the foot of a hill, and antique towers, doubtless the manor towards which the seignior and his suite are wending their way. The mind is inspired with calm delight as it gazes on that luminous scene, and then comes to rest on the gallant mien of that gentleman in blue velvet garnished with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and his head covered by a kind of turban made of some white drapery. The play of *chiaro-oscuro* is here principally caused by the diversity of local colours. The marked tints of the two horses, one chestnut, the other black, are in contrast to the master's steed, whose white and spotless skin is so admirably rendered as to deceive the eye. The painter has rendered and constructed the habiliments of the cavaliers as ably as the tones of the horses' hair, opposing the dun velvet of the squires to the dazzling velvet of their noble master. These pictures should never be passed over on a visit to the Louvre.

We must not be led to believe that Albert Cuyp is a painter without faults. In some of his best pictures we shall find errors to note, bits heavily rendered. Some have criticised rather slightly two dogs in "The Going out." They are not faultless, but they are very little inferior to the rest of the picture. Many of the admirers of Cuyp carry their high sense of his genius so far as to ascribe his little errors of omission to accident, and some attribute even these two beautiful masterpieces to Jacques Gerard Cuyp, rather than own the slight faults of an artist of such power and skill as Albert. But whatever the energy of the execution and the excellence of his touch, often thick and irregular, sometimes sharp and firm—whatever the beauty of his colouring, warm, rich, and harmonious—he is perhaps more remarkable in the expression of sentiment than even in the execution of his works. The modes and fashions he pictures are stamped by his individuality, while strictly in accordance with historic truth; the ideas which he calls up wear the impress of his personal temperament. The same gallant cavaliers who appear in the hunting subjects of Wouvermans, elegant, rude, and proud, mounted on prancing steeds, ready at every moment to rear and leap, are viewed by Cuyp in quite a different light. They too bear the stamp of his peculiar characteristics. His models remind us of those opulent burghers of the seventeenth century who led the life of noble lords without their easy and lively manners, their haughty air, and what can only be explained as wide-awake character. The cavaliers of Wouvermans have a firm air, and one fancies one hears their coarse words; armed for love and war, they carry gorgeous plumes stuck in their broad-brimmed felt hats; they have golden spurs, loose boots, and pistols in their holsters. The heroes of grave and thoughtful Albert Cuyp are not so petulant; their physiognomy is calm and grave, their dress is rich, of dazzling stuff, but without coquetry; their horses are thorough-bred, solid, strong, docile, and ready for gallop or trot, but they know nothing of rearing and kicking—of taking a bit in their mouths—of starting off at a hand-gallop—and other tricks known to chivalric horses. Those who ride upon them are peaceful men—steady and solemn Protestants, who ride side by side, in solemn discourse on the affairs of the state. The father of a family, whom Terburg, Nelsche, or Metzger would show us in the interior of their houses, gently

laying down the law to a beloved child, being present at a daughter's music lesson, or presiding at a meal, we find Albert Cuyp delineating at the hour when he passes along on horseback, with his servants, followed by his dogs, and looking on his ride as a question of health, an amusement at a fixed hour. Albert Cuyp is truly the Flemish citizen painter—the fortunate and well-to-do citizen, be it remembered.

It is much to be regretted that the annalists and biographers of the seventeenth century have been so indifferent as not to transmit to posterity something of the life and habits of the great artists of Holland. There is no biography of Albert Cuyp. The life of an artist is always replete with matter worthy of remembrance. We need only refer to the sketches of those whose friends have recorded their sayings and doings. Was Cuyp brought up in luxury and ease, or was his youth passed in struggling, as so many others have done, against misery and care? Was he rich or poor? Did he ever take wife or have children? Who were his friends and protectors? We know not. To not one of these questions can we find an answer. And yet, were but a few of these details known, how much might we not draw thence to explain and understand his particular genius. His life must have been quiet, regular, happy, of that kind of happiness which gives a long series of years, and an indulgent and vigorous old age. We are, however, ignorant of the precise date of his death. It appears, however, according to Immerzeel of Amsterdam, that he was living in 1680, though the general inquiry of most writers has only carried the evidence up to 1672. We are able to asseverate from one of his pictures, where he paints a salmon fishery, a picture to be found in the Museum of the Hague, that he had for patron a farmer of the fishery of Dordrecht—a vague and dreamy kind of fact, which tells us nothing of either the protector or the protected. The general opinion of historians suggests, and general rumours appear here to be pretty correct, that the life of Albert Cuyp was calm, honest, laborious, and without passion. He must have found, at an early age, ample resources from his mere talent, and could have never known the bitter luxury of want. Of a calm temperament, of a gentle, quiet, and firm character, he doubtless lived in friendly intercourse with the best men of his time. It appears even that he was much connected with Maurice of Nassau, whom he often painted and copied in his hunting subjects, which would lead us to believe him a pure Calvinist. An elder of the reformed church, he no doubt practised with regularity, and without ostentation, his religious duties, as they were then understood. To judge him, in a word, from those histories of themselves which painters sometimes trace as clearly in their pictures as writers do in their books, Cuyp was a simple man, regular in his habits, and respected and loved by all who knew him. It has been truly said, that the tranquillity of his landscapes, plunged in indescribable ether, proves the serenity of his mind, and that the choice of his subjects demonstrates the simplicity of his tastes.

We are informed by Lebrun, that the English were the first who appreciated at their true value the pictures of Cuyp. We are told by Sir Edmund Head, that Cuyp's works were not valued highly until after his death. We are assured by another authority (Smith), that at the principal picture sales in Holland to the year 1750, there is no instance of any of Cuyp's works being sold for so much as £3 sterling (thirty florins). This statement is not corroborated by the *Künstler Lexicon* of Naylor. According to Smith, a gradual advance in the value of Cuyp's pictures took place soon after the period just named, owing to the high reputation they had obtained among English and French dealers. In 1785, at the sale of the collection of M. Von der Linden von Slingelardt, Cuyp's pictures obtained prices, in some cases, commensurate with their merits, but which subsequently have been increased fourfold. In 1774, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, and states, that at a sale of Sir George Colbrooke's pictures, one by Cuyp (a view of Nimeguen), which had cost its possessor only seventy guineas, was readily disposed of for £290. Lebrun says, "The French were a long time before they appreciated

the works of Cuyp, and yet I have been present at sales in England when they have fetched three and four hundred louis. This great painter has treated every style with equal success, and has indeed been so perfect in all, that we know not which to select as his best. Portraits, animals, fruits—nothing was foreign to his genius. . . . The sun warms his productions."

One of these facetious French critics, who follows in the beaten track of prejudice, and who is possessed by a belief that the unfortunate people of these isles never see the sun, that we live in the midst of a fog, which everlastingly conceals from us the real character of that luminary—who believes, with most Frenchmen, that sales of wives in market-places are legal transfers in England, that we have no real green fields, and are, in fine, a nation of purblind shopkeepers, of course thoroughly comprehends our love of Cuyp, and why we should have been the first people to acknowledge his merits. Albert Cuyp did indeed introduce the sun and all its glowing images and radiance with singular power in his pictures. But many artists have done the same, and this by no means explains our

him ensue from a kind of rabid fire-worship on the part of unfortunate islanders, who can never see the sun save in pictures.

The "View of the Maes" (p. 124) is the subject which excites the admiration of the English critic above alluded to. It is truly a lovely scene, happily arranged with a transparent background and a vast perspective. The trees which overhang the borders of the river are not gnarled and strange; on the contrary, they rise majestically and wave beneath the breeze as if saluting in chivalrous manner the river that bathes their stems. The sky is delicate, brilliant, warm; water refreshes the eye, and distant hills make up a pleasing and effective background. Cuyp has placed in this picture everything which we love to find in a landscape. There is a martial cavalier, a rustic and simple herdsman without coarseness, watching cows of dun and spotted colour, a superb bull, and some sheep; and then some splendid oaks of a grandeur suited to heroic landscapes, and a fine river where float a cloud of ducks, upon which a hunter is about to fire. The whole is coloured by a rich sun



VIEW OF DORDRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

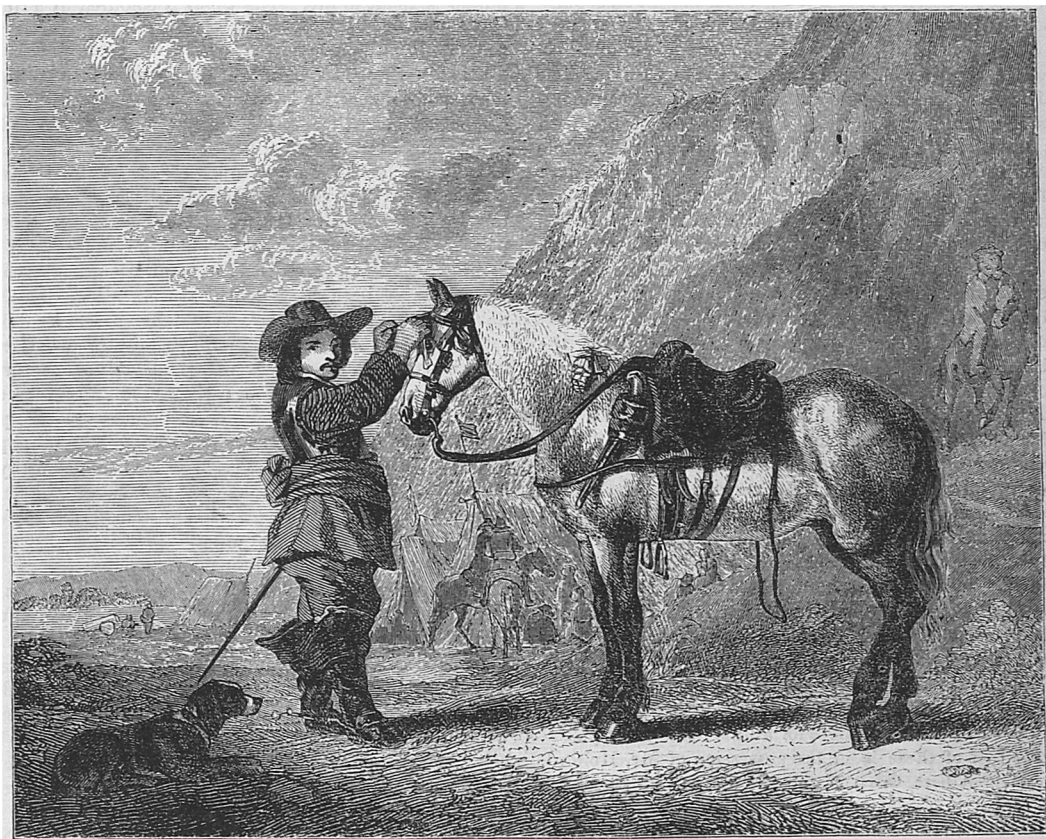
calling him the Claude Lorraine of Holland. This name was given him in Boydell's Collection, and the writer of the sketch in that work rates him quite as high as Claude for his colouring—a merit the greater that the Dutch painter never left his native land, and could never, therefore, have seen any of the warm landscapes of the sunny south. But the admiration of English *connoisseurs* has not been excited in favour of Cuyp because he brings us in communication with the sun, which is to be gazed on here about as often as in most parts of France. What has taken the fancy of our fellow-countrymen has been his admirable representations of cattle, his water-pieces, and, above all, his study to paint well-fed animals, fat oxen, clean-limbed horses, and many other things which are in accordance with our tastes as a highly agricultural people. Such criticism as that we allude to is puerile; and there is no subject which should be more cosmopolitan, and less affected by national prejudice, than art-criticism. When the reasons for our admiration of Albert Cuyp are so obvious, it is childish to seek, for the sake of smartness, to make an appreciation of

at an hour when the day is about to give way to night—a magnificent, imposing, and calm effect, full of rich poetry. There is a minute description by the English critic in Boydell, who has examined most carefully every tint, as if he hoped to leave such a description that by the aid of it and the engraving the painting might be recreated if lost. "The principal figure," he says, "is on horseback in a jacket of golden yellow, the sleeve of which is white; his cloak is of pale purple with a blue tinge; the man near him is dressed in black. When painting the human figure, Cuyp conceives very inelegant and short proportions. The one further off, and who carries a stick on his shoulder, is dressed in ruddy violet drapery. The reclining bull is black, and the cow behind is white. The other cows are variously marked with fawn and cream spots. Amid the distant group there is a woman wearing a sky-blue drapery, with white sleeves; and the boy is dressed in brown suit inclined to red. The hunter aiming at the ducks has a yellow doublet with red sleeves, which the neighbourhood of the trees tints with a green reflection."

When one has examined the oxen and cows of Potter, Berghem, Van der Velde, Kenel, Du Jardin, and the sheep of Van der Does, it is difficult to believe in any other mode of comprehending pasturage and cattle. We wonder almost how they can be delineated otherwise. And yet Albert Cuypp, who was the first master in this style, discovered a simple and new mode of viewing animal creation, a manner which is peculiar to no one else, Rembrandt excepted. Power, majesty, calm force, were characteristics discovered by Albert Cuypp in the brutes of the field, because he enveloped them with the mantle of his genius. He takes care always to present them in a way which shows off their best features, their most fully developed and rounded forms. There is something in his animals of the terrible genius which Poussin gives to his heroes. Their aspect is frowning and grand. The horses are lofty and proudly erect. Their thick and bushy tails sweep round their hind legs. They seem to be full of life, energy, and health.

As usual, the warm glow of sunshine adorns the landscape in a peculiar way.

It is somewhat singular that the French *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, who profess to be very quick in finding out the merits of genius, should have remained so long blind to his talents, when men so very inferior to Albert Cuypp have acquired such rapid renown. The English nation showed better taste, and, indeed, it is our belief that nowhere has art ever been appreciated so highly as in that country. Their private galleries alone are miracles of richness and beauty. But in France sixty years ago Cuypp was unknown. His name is found in no catalogue. Those of the sales of Gersaint and Pierre Remy are silent with regard to his existence. The gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and the cabinet Poullain, possessed one or two of this master; but, despite the renown Cuypp had acquired on our side of the channel, they were unnoticed by amateurs. The nineteenth century came ere



THE CAMP. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

His herds and flocks are ever floating in a misty and warm light, which harmonises with the general details of the painting, and which conceals every angularity, leaving the eye only the power to examine the general outline. "His reclining bulls," says Thoré, "are magnificent brutes, with their marked spines, and their long noses, and their expansive nostrils."

His painting of "Cattle drinking at a River side" fully illustrates this. In this picture, of which the engraving is given (p. 125), the sturdy, fat, and large-sized cows, the picturesque shepherd, the quiet sage-looking dog, with the distant effect of a small vessel, of other cattle, a village spire, scattered houses, hills, and a rich, warm sky, make up in the painting one of Cuypp's most effective productions. The cows are admirably grouped. Every one is in the very position in which you would fancy it would stand. It is an interesting engraving, as fully exemplifying the style of Albert Cuypp.

the painter of Dordrecht acquired due celebrity in France after his pictures had been turned about from one indifferent purchaser to another. We fully understand, however, why Cuypp came to be more readily appreciated by the Dutch and English, without accepting the salve which French art-critics find for themselves—our anxious desire to see the sea, even on canvas. His water-pieces, boats, rivers, canals, were more readily understood by naval nations than by a purely military nation, like the French. Both we and the Hollanders have always admired everything of mark connected with our favourite element. The same reason accounts for the popularity of Bachuysen and William Van der Velde.

A painter who could introduce so much air, light, and depth into his pictures, could not but excel in marine pieces. Those of Cuypp are like his landscapes—they are vivid, powerful, and true. They transport you bodily to the ports and

seas of Holland, while the execution is majestic, positive, exact. One of his most justly celebrated works in this style, is that which represents the "Canal of Dort," full of vessels. They are arranged in line, their prows towards the centre of the picture. They have something of the aspect of a regiment in battle array. In fact, we notice a boat with three trumpeters, the Prince of Orange and his suite, who are about to pass the fleet in review. The effect is admirable. We look across them, one after another, until the last is lost in the mist which the sun has not as yet dissipated. It would be but repetition to speak of the fresh morning light falling on the scene, of the transparent air, of the extraordinary perspective. Gazing at the picture from a distance, we are struck by the effect produced by the shadows of the vessels in the limpid water. Looking nearer, we are still more surprised at the dashing and masterly style in which the whole is executed. The boldness and decision of his pencil strikes us here, as well as everywhere else. No painter, Van der Velde excepted, ever has been able to give an equally just and life-like representation of Dutch naval characteristics. Mr. Edward Solly refused £3,000 for this picture.

There is a good marine view in the Louvre by Cuyp. The pacific Dutchman has here departed from his usual calm character, and given us a tempest. The sky is overloaded with clouds; a thunder-bolt has just fallen; and across the whole canvas the lurid glare of the lightning is cast, while the dark form of a small boat stands out in strong relief struggling with the fury of the waves. Some critics have thought this production too poetical and too weak to be the work of Cuyp. It is, however, generally believed to be his; while, being a departure from his usual quiet illustrations of nature, it is certainly somewhat distinct in character.

Painters are like lovers: the lover always believes the beloved one beautiful. True painters see beauty in every phase of nature. Albert Cuyp found loveliness everywhere. Wandering on the banks of his favourite Maes, he found admirable landscapes where hundreds of others would have seen nothing worth painting. He has reproduced this subject under every variety of aspect. Fishermen's barks, ships of various size—some at anchor, some under sail—became, beneath the power of his pencil, delicious pictures. He adds but a ray of the sun, showing the fleet of boats, perhaps, in bold relief, playing amid the ropes, and pulleys, and masts, refracted from the deep waters of the river, giving marked outline to the faces of some of the crew, and shining on the oars of the boatmen and the pearly drops of water that fall therefrom. Such pictures started complete from his mind. We must not, however, forget the Steeple of Dort, of which the painter contrives to make a kind of pivot for all his little water-pieces. One of the best of these is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of London. Albert Cuyp is almost unique amongst the Flemish school in this style. His popular rival, Van Goyen, is too monotonous and superficial. It required the varied genius of Cuyp to produce such pictures, as he generally introduces a little of everything in which he excelled. Horses crossing a river in a ferry-boat; picturesque cottages surrounded by foliage, situated on the borders of a canal, and inhabited by Dutchmen with painted hats; figures of sailors descending the Maes; boatmen hauling along timber-rafts to Flessinguen; or a barge full of travellers, and drawn by a horse. This barge is what is called in Holland *Trechtschuyt*, a light boat with one mast, and in which travellers are conveyed for one halfpenny a mile. Those who love quiet can hire for a trifle, in addition, a little separate room, called the "Roof!" it is at the stern of the boat, and has two windows on each side. The hiring of this room affords a lively illustration of the extreme formality of Dutchmen even in their most trivial transactions. For the few halfpence that this luxury costs, the traveller has to give a printed receipt to an agent, whose duty it is to attend at the entrance of each town for the purpose of regulating the accounts of the *Trechtschuyt*.

This silent mode of travelling by water, which is the characteristic of these northern Venices, could not escape the keen

eye of Albert Cuyp, who observed everything, and who loved Holland with all the enthusiastic love of a painter. The same man who so successfully treated midday scenes, when the sun shed its beams on fields and meadows, on water and on trees, was equally successful when he undertook to paint the interiors of churches in the style of Emanuel de Witte or of Nijkelen, or moonlight scenes in the style of Artus van der Neer. He was, indeed, their master, having indicated to them their peculiar styles. He was one of the first who succeeded in rendering on canvas that solemnity which we feel in the interior of a cathedral, when from some gloomy chapel we behold the light fall from the lofty windows of the nave, gilding the rich and elaborate carving, and playing fitfully upon the tessellated pavement. Even in historical subjects—such as the "Baptism of the Eunuch"—Albert Cuyp displayed equal ability. It is difficult, in fact, to mention any style in which he did not excel. Our readers are aware that many Flemish painters obtained celebrity by devoting their talents to illustrating the poultry-yard. Here, too, Albert Cuyp preceded Melchior Hondekooter, in depicting the heroic combats of the cockpit. In the collection of Dr. Leroy d'Etioilles, there is a cock-fight by Cuyp, which is admirably rendered. The action is animated and energetic. One of the combatants has thrown his adversary, his outspread wings supporting him; he digs his talons into the breast of the vanquished, and tears with his beak his bleeding crest. The defeated bird has thrown his wings back, and is thus trying to raise himself. His desperate struggles are expressed with painful truth. In the background, to the left, is a fowl looking on, half in terror, half in admiration, at the combat of which she has been the innocent cause. Many French critics have compared this picture to a fable of La Fontaine, and several modern French painters have imitated his style. This is perhaps the least meritorious of all Cuyp's pictures, and was produced probably at an early period of his career. He has left, however, many admirable paintings of the poultry-yard. A hen-house, which was sold amongst the other pictures of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, is said to be worthy of his best days. M. George speaks of it as combining keen observation with the highest powers of genius. If Cuyp's works were placed in chronological order, we should find, we believe, that those great landscapes in which animals appear only as the accessories, belong to that period of his life when he had nothing to learn—when his genius had become fully developed. In those pictures which bear the stamp of early years, we find animals occupying a prominent position, and the details of scenery and human figures are subordinately treated. This will be found to be the case in that strange production somewhat resembling the "Paradise" of John Breughel, where we behold Orpheus seated under a tree, and taming the animal creation by the music of his violin. As Cuyp had to represent tigers, elephants, and leopards—creatures with which he was less acquainted than with domestic animals—the worthy Batavian has exhibited considerable ingenuity in getting over the difficulty. Near the divine musician is represented a cow, a horse, a dog, a cat, and some hares, and in the distant background are placed those ferocious beasts with whose forms he was less familiar. It has been remarked that Albert Cuyp rather destroys the effect of the marvellous music of Orpheus by this arrangement, there being no great merit in taming the tranquil animals which inhabit our stables and our farm-yards. It is difficult, however, even for genius to think of everything. This picture is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. The "Pasturage on the Banks of the Maes," an engraving of which we present (p. 120), affords a remarkable contrast to this mythological creation. Here the genius of Cuyp had a congenial field in which to exercise his powers. He drew his inspiration from a home source. The principal group is composed of cattle—as in so many of his other works—some reclining lazily upon the ground, others clustering round a tree, as if for shelter from the sun. They are larger than Cuyp usually paints them, and are drawn with a care, a precision, and a power which is increased by the marvellous beauty of the tone. In the foreground are plants, grass, and shrubs, rendered with

that fidelity to nature which is one of the principal characteristics of this artist. The grass is thick, silky, fresh and inviting—such a grass as that which poets have sang so much of. The whole scene is flooded with light. A saffron-coloured vapour tints, towards the horizon, the water, the trees, the plants, and the distant houses that cluster round the church. The clearness of the air surpasses belief. The background is filled up by an eminence, on which are shepherds and their flocks, while across the river are houses, windmills, and steeples. One of the most pleasing features of this picture is that which fills the right corner. A shepherd, his faithful dog by his side, is playing upon a pipe, and two children are listening to him with intense earnestness. The whole picture is redolent of the richly fertile land watered by the Maes—all is abundance, wealth, happiness. The sun is warm and bright; the well-fed cattle scarcely touch the rich pasture at their feet; the water is cool and pleasant to gaze on; while the shepherd—confident, happy, sure of to-morrow—amuses himself in a quiet and rustic way. One cannot but feel that the painter who conceived and executed this work of art must have been a happy man. The calm serenity of his mind is reflected everywhere. Cuypp would have been no hero for the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters." The quiet, calm, mysterious man who painted this picture could scarcely have experienced the fierce torments of Ruysdael—torments which speak in many of his paintings—nor the fantastic visions of Rembrandt, nor the wild eccentricities of Everdingen.

There are two other pictures, of which we give engravings, that are worthy of the genius of any master of the Flemish school. "The View of Dordrecht" (p. 116), contains some effects of light and shade truly remarkable. The boats at their moorings, the water, the quaint houses, and the old church, have about them that peculiar picturesqueness which belongs to Holland. The horse and horseman delineated in the scene called "The Camp" (p. 117), which is generally called "The Trooper," exhibits the genius of Cuypp in its best light. The horse is admirably rendered. It is a dapple-gray charger; his master, a citizen soldier, is just arranging the harness about his head, and adding a blue ribbon. The dress of the soldier—his bold manly bearing—the minutiae of the accoutrements—all are portrayed with the customary fidelity. The buff jerkin, cuirass, and large hat, are exceedingly characteristic, while the scene itself is rendered eminently picturesque by the introduction in the background of an eminence, at the foot of which are tents, and soldiers mounted and on foot. Cuypp's usual love of the animal creation is exhibited by the introduction, in a prominent position, of an excellently-painted dog. A horseman coming across the hill, is a picturesque accessory. This picture, which is 3 feet 10 by 4 feet 10½, is in the possession of Her Majesty.

"When Albert Cuypp died"—and the exact year of his death is not known—"there was found," says Arnold Houbraken, "not one model, not one painting of any master in his house." He never studied but from nature herself. It has been suggested that this arose from his disinclination to spend money in purchasing the masterpieces of others. Nothing can be more puerile than to attribute the voluntary ignorance of Cuypp to avarice. If he did not study the works of his predecessors or contemporaries, it was because he needed not to do so. Nature spoke to him in more eloquent language than anything he could find depicted upon canvas. The man of genius concentrates all his faculties on the one great object of his life. Everything that interferes with the accomplishment of his views must inevitably be cast aside. We often find that even those passions and eccentricities which would appear to militate most powerfully against success, which appear even calculated to degrade the artist, and to remove him from his high pedestal, frequently become the means which fatally impel him onwards. If Cuypp was possessed by the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, and thus was led to be indifferent with regard to the productions of his rivals; if he thus escaped from the current infatuation relative to engravings of the old masters, we may predicate, that to this cause do we owe his originality. Happy Cuypp! guilty of this one weakness, it

kept him from being a mere imitator; it compelled him to drink at the true source of inspiration; and it gave him that characteristic physiognomy which distinguishes him from all the Flemish school, which he surpasses both in simplicity and grandeur; while the ease, the boldness, and the finish of his execution, defies all imitation.

The lovely plains and hills of Italy, where the outline of all objects is cast in bold relief against a pure sky, bordered by a cloudless horizon, have inspired the genius of the Italian, French, and even English schools. The French have carried this to excess, and given us little else than historical landscape, the scene laid in Italy. French landscape painting, like French tragedy, is stilted and overdone. Painters, like the rhymers of modern French tragic drama, "arranged nature," to use one of their own phrases. They painted so as to elevate that which God had not made sufficiently divine for them. They turned hills into mountains, and mountains into hills; they altered trees, and gave them picturesqueness, and thrust in, on all occasions, Roman ruins and broken Greek columns. Poussin conquered the difficulties of this factitious style; even when the scene was artificial, his genius mastered the incongruous elements he had to deal with. He struck his contemporaries dumb with astonishment; but his imitators and disciples—Guaspre, Francisque Milet, Locatelli, Orizonti, Van Huysum—could not succeed in disguising the defects of their style, as adorned by the genius of such a man as Poussin. In these imitators, the faults and errors outweighed whatever little talent they possessed. Their pictures, in as far as they were imitations of Poussin, are something like those stoic definitions of virtue which elevate man to something like the character of a demi-god. Their pictures are so replete with conventional majesty, and solid nobility of style, that we search in vain for nature and its pure and sweet emotions. This was not the case with old Albert Cuypp. He loved, it is true, tall trees rising majestically towards the sky, the rippling waves of rivers; but he was too much of a real student not to be aware that all this needed no imagining, also, that nature had no need of being corrected and improved in the closet. He knew that the difficulty was to come up to nature. All those beauties which certain painters aimed at inventing, he knew to exist already in creation, needing but eyes to see them, and a heart to feel them. He bore within himself the sentiment of grandeur, and everywhere he naturally invested what he saw with elevated ideality.

Albert had so strong a dislike to deep shadows, to cloudy skies, to the aspect of a country veiled by melancholy and gloom, that even when depicting his favourite winter scenes—rivers clothed in ice, effects of snow whitening the roof of huts, and hanging heavily on the boughs of the naked trees—he must chase away the fog, scatter the clouds, and show the cold but pleasing rays of a winter's sun upon the landscape. There is one beautiful piece of this kind engraved by Fittler, representing "Fishing beneath the Ice." This picture is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, and cost originally 1,200 guineas.

It is a view on the river Maes during a severe frost. On the foreground and left are sixteen fishermen, the greater part of whom are busy with nets and long poles, fishing under the ice, while others are putting the fish into tubs. On the opposite side is a market woman seated in a sledge, drawn by two horses. Several persons skating and otherwise engaged, are distributed over the river. A tent and the tower of a church are seen in the distance, and a few leafless trees and a windmill give interest to the banks of the river. The consummate skill of the painter has given to this bold and dreary scene an aspect the most agreeable and inviting, by the cheering presence of the sun, whose warmth appears to soften the sharp fridity of the atmosphere, and to diffuse a sparkling brilliancy upon every present object, lighting up the whole scene to dazzling brightness. Groups of fishermen, whose countenances and gestures indicate health and vigour, aid materially the magical effect, which is perfected to illusion by the delightful truth of the gradations and purity of colour. But Cuypp never tried to represent that heavy and gray sky

which hangs upon the earth like the marble covering of a tomb. It is really remarkable to notice how this painter has succeeded in painting winters without coldness, and moon-lights without sadness.

There are to be found in old print-shops eight engravings by Albert Cuyp. It has been objected that as Adam Bartsch, Huber, and Rost, the catalogue of Brandes, that of Winkeler,

with a bold and firm hand. A writer on the subject, who takes his facts from Smith's catalogue, says of his drawings:—

"They were generally executed with black chalk or India ink, without the charms of colouring, and not displaying accuracy or great talent. They are not held in high esteem, although but few of them are in existence. Some few etchings of Cuyp, evincing careful study of nature and bold-



PASTURAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAAS. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

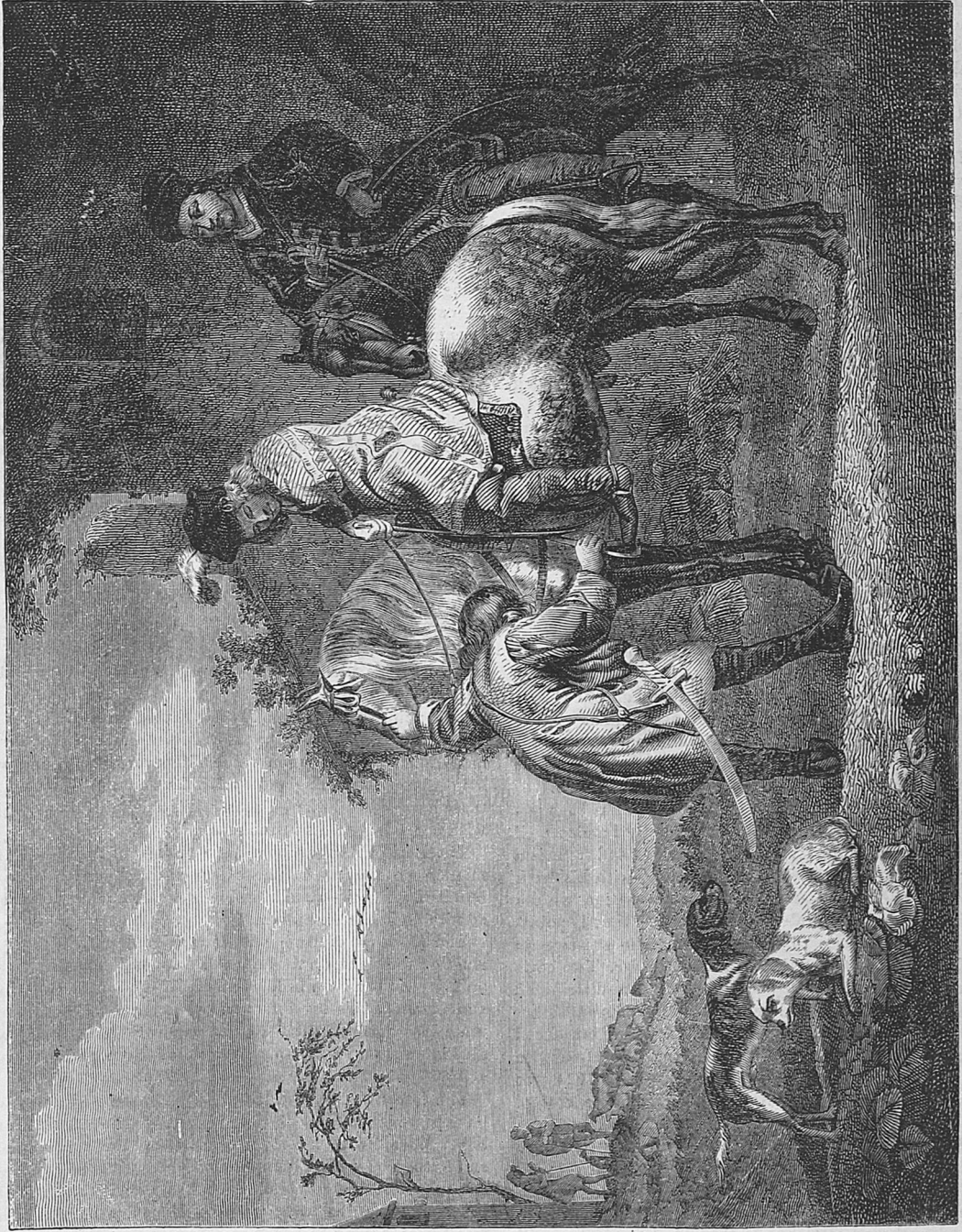
make no mention of any of them, while even the catalogue of the Rigal sale is equally silent, therefore they are not genuine. It is, however, sufficient to examine them to be assured whence they come. They have the marked character, the accent of his pictures, and it is impossible for one learned in the history of Flemish art to ascribe them to any one else. They are, as may naturally be expected, studies of oxen and cows, engraved

ness of execution, are much valued. They, however, are exceedingly rare, a very few specimens only being known to exist in the galleries of amateurs."

We have already spoken of the mixture of elevation and ingenuity which is the true characteristic of the genius of Cuyp. This is the first impression which strikes us when we examine his landscapes. But it is necessary to add, that no

Dutch landscape painter has carried further the knowledge of aerial perspective. No one has carried further the power of representing air, transparency, depth, and purity of atmospheric effect in his pictures. It seems strange; but it must have been that this Dutchman, born amid the fogs of his country—a country he never left—must have had in the depths of his tranquil mind something like an interior and serene

Italian palaces, we should do so forgetting that the two painters were born at far distant extremities of Europe. Claude passed his life at Rome or at Naples, Cuypp seldom left the city of Dort, and never saw any sky save that of the Low Countries. We must not then expect him to paint the cerulean blue ether of Italian skies. His sun is more pale, of a clearer and softer hue, but the spectator feels around him a freshness which



GOING OUT FOR A RIDE. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

light, which made him see everything in creation through an impalpable and imponderable ether, which bathes his radiant pictures in lucidity. He has been called the Claude Lorraine of Holland, and this warm praise is only exaggerated in appearance. If one expected to find in Cuypp the golden specks playing in the sunbeams, the orange tints of the skies of Lorraine, her green and silvery waves, and the warm vapoury clouds that play round the columns of the

penetrates to the heart, calming and consoling the mind. The atmosphere of Claude is burning, it scorches the lungs; loaded with the perfumes of poetry, it draws the soul on to indolence and love: that of Cuypp impels to freshness, excites a desire to travel, gives strength, and rouses activity and life. These two different masters, so different in character, are yet both true. The few degrees of latitude between their two lands made the difference of their genius. But we cannot but

allow that the inspired painter Lorraine had much more before him to rouse his pencil and brush, to create rich nature, than any northern painter could find, however much he might be a worshipper of light. Claude had but to wander on the shores of the Bay of Naples to find radiant and dazzling subjects every day. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has splendid pictures for the eye only at rare intervals. Like Ormuz, the sun struggles during a great part of the year against darkness. And yet it is strange that we find in Cuyp none of those struggles between light and darkness, between day and night, which so moved the soul of Rembrandt. The artist and painter of the cold north always loved the light, the day, the sun. In fine, the great, the crying, the wonderful characteristic of Cuyp is, that in Holland, in the seventeenth century, that is to say, before the second invasion of a foreign style, he sought the picturesque elsewhere than in rude disorder, effect rather than in contrast, and found grandeur in simplicity, as he found happiness in a peaceful life.

The Bibliotheque Nationale, of France possesses several engravings, all of cows.

In Smith's catalogue there are 335 pictures of Albert Cuyp mentioned; but some of them are the same, described, however, under different names.

The Museum of the Louvre contains six—a "Pasturage on the borders of a river" (p. 120), valued at £2,000. "The Return" and "The Departure for a Ride;" the pair are valued at the same sum. The Departure, of which we give the engraving (p. 121), is the best. The others are in the same style.

Vienna has one picture of "Five Cows," four of which are lying down.

At Munich there are two, one of "A Horseman," the other a "Cock and Hen on a dunghill."

At Dresden there is one, "A Woman spinning and a Man sleeping."

Amsterdam has two, "A mountainous Landscape," and "A fierce Charge of Cavalry."

At the Hague is a very clever "View of the Environs of Dordrecht."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg contains several small specimens.

It is in England, however, that a great abundance of Cuyps may be found, because there this great painter has always been appreciated and understood. Those who visit that country may therefore enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of fully examining into the merits of this painter themselves.

The National Gallery contains a picture which has been engraved by Bentley and by Goodall. It is a "Hilly Landscape," intersected by a winding river. On the right and front is a gentleman on a dappled-gray horse, represented with his back to the spectator; he appears to be in conversation with a woman who stands by his side, and at the same time is pointing with his whip towards three sportsmen, who are seen in the second distance watering their steeds at a river. Two cows lying down, a flock of sheep, and three dogs, are distributed over the foreground, which is diversified with docks and other wild plants. The aspect of a fine summer's morning is diffused throughout the scene. It originally belonged to Laurence Dundas. It then passed to Mr. Angerstein, and in 1824 was bought by Parliament for the National Gallery at a cost of 195 guineas.

Dulwich contains eighteen, and there are the pictures which are best known in this country. They are of a very varied character, though all rustic landscapes, interiors of houses, and water-pieces, enriched by barks and fishermen. Smith has given a lengthened catalogue of them, but one or two will suffice for those readers who are not disposed to examine for themselves. It is one part of the progressive education of this country that picture-galleries are now beginning to be fully appreciated by the millions; and it is the pleasant province of a work like that we are publishing, to assist the great mass of the community in forming correct ideas in relation to the great masters, who otherwise would be confounded. Everybody can admire a striking and effective picture, but it is only after some study that its beauties can be fully appreciated.

The first worthy of note is a landscape with a broad road on the right, and two lofty trees at its side, which stand near the middle of the picture. At the foot of these are seated two shepherds guarding a flock of thirteen sheep, which are browsing around them; further on the road is a woman in blue, wearing a straw hat, in conversation with a man who is mounted on a mule loaded with panniers. The left of the picture is adorned with shrubs and bushes, growing luxuriantly on the banks of a river. It originally cost 180 guineas.

We have then a landscape composed of a hilly foreground, and a canal flowing in the middle distance on which are vessels under sail. A group of eight cows occupies the front, the whole of which, except one, are lying down; they are guarded by a peasant in a red jacket with a knapsack at his back, who is leaning on a stick apparently in conversation with a woman seated, with a little girl standing by her. This is a pretty and pleasing production, quite *à la Cuyp*.

Another is still of his favourite land. It is a landscape representing a "View in Holland." In the foreground are two shepherds, one of whom stands with his back to the spectator, the other is lying down; at a little distance from them are a black and white cow standing, and a red one lying down, and under a lofty hill on the left, is seen a herd of cattle. This cost the nation 130 guineas. "A Woman keeping Cows" is a pleasing landscape of a mountainous country, with a river on the right, extending into the extreme distance. In a meadow, composing the left foreground, are seven cows, four sheep, a horse, and a woman with a stick in her hand. This picture was in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and cost £225. "A Gentleman on Horseback," which cost 950 guineas; now in the collection of Edmund Higginson, Esq., of Saltmarsh Castle, is a beautiful picture—the glowing warmth of a summer sun gilds the scene. "A Herd of Cows Reposing," is a picture such as none but a great artist could have painted. It cost £300, but it was lately in the possession of Baron Delessert, Paris.

"An ancient Castle with Towers, encompassed by a moat and surrounded by lofty hills." A man on a black horse, and a herdsman with five sheep, give interest to the foreground. This picture is a perfect gem. It is 1 foot by 1 foot 8 inches.

This painting was originally bought of an old-clothes man, at Horn, in Holland, for about fifteen pence. It passed through many hands, increasing in value whenever re-sold, and was at length brought to England by Mr. La Fontain, who sold it for three hundred and fifty guineas. It is a delightful composition, with charming effects introduced.

The Earl of Ashburnham has a "View of the Castle of Nemiguen on the confluence of the Rhine," which cost eight hundred guineas—an admirable work, brilliant in tone and admirable in the execution.

The Marquis of Bute possesses a Landscape with a large river on the right, on the further side of which is a small town, and beyond it a lofty hill. The brilliant effect of the morning sun pervades this lovely scene. This beautiful picture merits the highest commendations for the various qualities which give interest and value to this work of Cuyp, which is valued at 1,800 guineas.

The late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., possessed many which have passed into the gallery of Lord Alford:—"A View on the River Maes," with the town of Dort on the spectator's left, and numerous vessels lying in long perspective by the side of the quay. Among them may be chiefly noticed a large Dutch passage-boat filled with persons, alongside of which lies a small boat, having on board an officer in a scarlet dress seated, and another wearing a dark dress standing near him; a yacht and several other boats are distributed over the river. The effect of a fine summer's evening pervades the scene and gives to the rippling wave a thousand varied hues. A few light summer clouds float over the azure sky, and contribute greatly to the charm of this superb production.

Of the very few pictures which Cuyp painted of this size (it is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6½ inches) and subject, the one just described is perhaps the one most agreeable to the eye

and feelings; as it possesses an agreeable warmth of tone, combined with the appearance of a genial atmosphere, free from that sultry and oppressive heat which sometimes predominates in his pictures; it is worth £2,000.

Another is a number of "Horsemen watering their Steeds in a river." It is impossible to commend too highly this beautiful work of art; the masterly execution displayed in every part, the science evinced in the arrangement of objects and forms, and the wonderful and lovely gradations of tints and atmospheric truth, justly entitle it to the first rank among his last productions. It is worth from £1,500 to £2,000, and is in the collection of J. Martin, Esq.

"The Thirsty Herdsman." A hilly country, beautifully diversified by clusters of trees and an extensive river, represented under the aspect of a brilliant sunset. An example of superlative excellence. It is in the possession of Mr. J. Norton, and cost 380 guineas.

In the collection of Mr. J. H. Hope, is a very beautiful "Cattle Piece."

In the private collection of the Queen, besides that already described, may be seen, a negro holding two horses, a cavalier conversing in the middle of a crowd, a group of three cows, with a shepherd and his wife.

Lord Yarborough has a very effective "Winter Scene," a frozen river, which is not to be confounded with that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

The late Sir Robert Peel had three pictures of Cuyp, which we believe are still in the possession of his son; a "Group of Cows near a River," which was purchased at an expense of £400; "Cavaliers and Cattle," £200. The third is an "Old Castle surrounded by Towers," the deep shadows of which are reflected on the surrounding water. A horseman, a shepherd and some lambs fill the foreground. The light and shade of this picture is exquisite in finish.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains the remarkable "Naval Piece," described above.

Lord Lansdowne has two Cuyps; one, a scene on the everlasting Maes, the other "A Woman Milking."

The Grosvenor Gallery has four—"A Landscape," "A Moonlight," "A Stream," and another "Landscape."

A well-known Parisian connoisseur possesses an important and superb picture by Cuyp. It is a large and splendid "View of Dordrecht" (p. 116), taken on the side of the jetty. The scene is animated by barks and vessels, of which some carry the Dutch flag. A bale of merchandise is being unloaded from a schooner into a boat, and addressed to A. Cuyp. A vast multitude of vessels are seen on the horizon; others enter the roads, and are firing the saluting cannon. On the first foreground to the left is a group of three barks, loaded with merchandise and men. On the side of the vessel towards us, we read, "A. Cuyp f. 1640." This was the epoch when the artist was in the full force of his genius. To the right is the town of Dort, with its crowded jetty. In the canal are two other boats, on board of one of which are two, and on board the other, four persons. There are fifty figures in this painting. It is one of his richest productions; every detail is rendered with the perfection of genius.

Baron James Rothschild possesses two very good Cuyps. The subjects are, "A View on the Water" and "A Paysage on the Borders of the Maes." There is a town sleeping in a luminous fog, on a motionless canal, where a great trading-ship is at anchor. Here we see two elegant cavaliers, one of whom with a red cloak, mounted on a black horse; the other has dismounted to arrange the bridle of his white horse, seen *en croupe*. A shepherd, sitting on the ground, is speaking to them. To the right, in the foreground, are three cows and two figures. In the distance, in golden vapour, is a church with ruined towers.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a group of seven persons, of whom six are gambling, was sold for £10 8s.; while another, "A View of the Maes," loaded with sailing vessels and sloops, fetched £80. "Two Cows," in the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, fetched £76. At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "A View of the Maes"

fetched £94. Towards the middle of the picture are six cows, while the right is occupied by a boat manned by two sailors. At the Robit sale, 1801, was sold "A View of the Banks of the Maes." To the left is a rich hill-side with several cows; one stands up, and a woman is milking it. It sold for £400. Also another "View of the Maes by Moonlight," which fetched £112 16s. At the sale of Leyden, in 1804, there was sold a "View of Flessingen," which realised £160. At the Lebrun sale, in 1811, a beautiful "Interior of a Village" was sold for £104. It is a sweet and pretty scene. At the Laperière sale, in 1823, "A Hunting Party" was sold for £916. It represents a young Prince of Orange, mounted on a brown horse of small stature, stopping to give orders to his hunters. He is accompanied by two squires, mounted on a black and a gray horse. Towards the second foreground is a hare, dogs, a piqueur on horseback, and a valet running on foot.

As we have before stated, the works of Albert Cuyp were not held in high estimation during the lifetime of the artist. It was the English who first showed a proper appreciation of their merit. After the sale of the Van Slingelandt collection, which took place in 1785, the prices of his pictures increased so much that imitators of his style speedily arose. The most noticeable of those imitators was Jacob Van Stry, born at Dort in 1756. Van Stry took Cuyp for his model, and ultimately acquired the art of copying and imitating him with wonderful success; so that many of his pictures, after being artfully disguised by dirt and varnish, were sold as original works of Albert Cuyp. But, in addition to this, he was frequently employed to introduce figures and cattle into the genuine pictures of that master, either for the purpose of improving their composition or to please the fancy of the purchaser. Notwithstanding the assiduity with which he studied the works of Cuyp, and the success which has attended many interested persons in imposing his productions on the inexperienced as genuine pictures by that master, he has in every instance fallen far short of those peculiar beauties which constitute the great charm of his teacher. In addition to a prevailing mannerism and hardness of outline which runs through all his pictures, there is an evident deficiency of that mingling of the warm and cool tints so essential in painting. There is, also, a want of truth in his gradations, and an absence of atmospheric effect. He died on the 4th of February, 1815, aged 58, at Dort. His pictures fetched from three hundred to six hundred florins, after his death.

Another imitator was Dionysius Van Dongen, born at Dort in 1748. His attempts at copying were so successful that he found a readier sale for them than for his own pictures. Cuyp, Paul Potter, and Wynants, were his principal models. False Cuyps he excelled in. He died, in 1819, at Dort.

Another was Abraham Van Bossum. He was less servile in his imitation than the others. Some of his works are highly prized by the Dutch collectors. His style closely resembles Cuyp's. He flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, and was most successful in landscapes, cattle, views of towns, cottages, and poultry. His pictures have fetched very high prices.

The last imitator was one by name Bernard Van Kalraat, born at Dort in 1650; the date of his death is not known. His style does not much resemble Cuyp's; he, however, began as an imitator of that master, but ultimately abandoned his imitations for a style more easy and more native to him.

The numerous artists who endeavoured to build a reputation and a fortune on the mere imitation of Cuyp, is of itself evidence of that painter's genius. Mediocrity has no ready followers. Mediocre talent is common enough. It is the privilege of genius to be pilfered. Poets, authors, artists, have all had their plagiarists; and there is scarcely a painter of any real value, of whom false copies may not be found in the market.

Severe and careful critics will not, however, be imposed upon, and the sham Cuyps are now cast back to merited obscurity. There is some difference between copying a master as a study, and copying him to palm the imitations on the

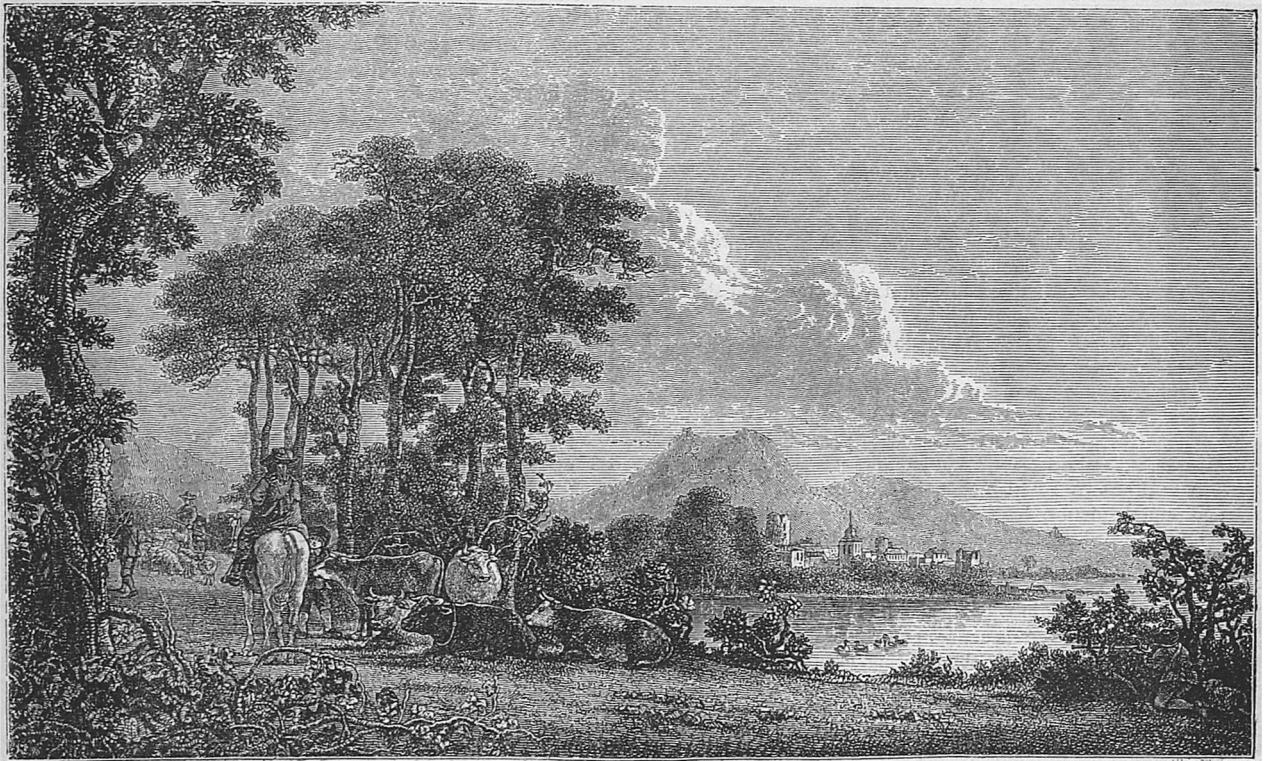
public. Careless and ignorant purchasers may not know the difference, and a false Cuyp may be as interesting and valuable to them as a real one. We know ourselves a man of rank and fortune who glories in a Greuze and a Watteau—both barefaced shams, sold to him by a speculative Jew dealer. As the worthy squire is happy in his ignorance, we have not sought to undeceive him.

A critic feels a natural tendency to elevate the subject he is treating. It is impossible to treat of such a painter as Albert Cuyp without rating him very high. One is roused to warm enthusiasm by the study of his pictures. But we think that we have not fallen into exaggeration as far as the great master we have been treating is concerned. It is to be regretted that we have not richer materials about him. We should have been glad to know what kind of a wife he chose unto himself, if he had stalwart sons and fair daughters. But he has no history save his works, which, though so little appreciated in his day, are now immortal. Proud, indeed, may the man be who owns a genuine Cuyp.

Flemish art holds a very high position in the history of the

art of Europe. The men of the Netherlands, who revived painting, did so in a most attractive form. They did not seek the beauty of the ideal, of the very highest order of art, but their characteristic was breadth, freedom, and originality. They combined with this great attention to individual objects. They painted the life they knew: its different phases, its petty and larger peculiarities; the daily existence of the town and village; nature in her works; in-door and domestic. Consequently there was a particular delicacy of touch about them. They do not hold the first place in art, but they tend very much towards it.

Historical painting was a very large department of the Flemish school. It had two branches: one influenced by the catholic clergy in Brabant, the other guided by protestant Holland, and very different in character and attributes. The founder of the Brabant school was Peter Paul Rubens—a painter who had little influence on Cuyp. Cuyp, in the little he did study, studied the Dutch school. But as we have said before, it was by throwing off the trammels of all schools that our artist of Dort became truly great.



VIEW OF THE MAES, NEAR MAASTRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

PIETRO DE CORTONA.

SOME two centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, beneath the warm sky of Tuscany, there was a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years old, feeding his flock by the wayside. He was a simple herdsman; and there he sat on the warm bank, beneath the shade of a tree, thinking, one would have supposed, of nothing in particular, when suddenly he started up, cast down his crook, and walked away towards Florence. What he did this for, and under what impulse he acted, it is difficult to imagine. But to Florence he did go.

Now in Florence there dwelt another boy, of not more than eight years old, nearly as poor as himself, who had left his native village of Cortona to become turnspit in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti.

Now Pietro did not come to Florence to enter upon the lucrative duties of the scullion of a prince. He was fired by

a noble ardour. In Florence there was a school of painting, and Pietro had determined to become a painter. How, it was difficult to imagine; but he determined to try.

And Pietro stopped before the palace of Cardinal Sachetti, and waited patiently until monsignori had dined, to get an opportunity of speaking to his comrade and friend Tommaso. He waited a long time, but at last Tommaso appeared.

"How do you do, Tommaso?" said Pietro, looking at the well-fed young official with great respect.

"How do you do, Pietro? And what have you come to Florence for?" said the scullion.

"I have come to learn painting," said Pietro of Cortona, quietly.

"Nonsense, you had better learn cooking," replied Tommaso. "It's a good trade; one never can die of hunger in that profession."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here."